

Esquire

Does today's teen-ager
influence the adult world?
"Ridiculous,"
says Ed Sullivan.

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN JULY 1965
PRICE 75¢
GREAT BRITAIN 4/6





100 Pipers from Scotland

How Seagram captured the best
of the world's great Scotches.
It took almost a generation to get this idea
into a bottle.

But that's not a pretty underdog idea.
Every great Scotch is built around a few
rare whiskies, with perhaps 20 others in "back-
porridge" roles.

What if we could get these key whiskies (the
best of the world's best Scotches) and combine
them in one new Scotch?

We started after the war. And a look, and
now to get everything we needed for 100 Pipers.
Rare, late whiskies. Smooth whiskies from
Fife and Speyside. Mellow Scotch whis-
ky, and the triple whisky of Speyside.

We built a library of 30 whiskies and then
used them to create 100 Pipers. The first blend
used 10 of these and became 100 Pipers.

So if you've ever wondered what the best of
Scotland would be like, after one bottle, you're
about to find out.

100 PIPERS IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SEAGRAM BROTHERS COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1970 SEAGRAM BROTHERS COMPANY



Deep down inside, it's a Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen built for 2.
It's our VW Karmann Ghia. It wasn't
brought up with our other Volkswagens.

Ghia of Italy designed it as a roadster.
But its lines are so unlined, half the
work has to be done by hand.

Should we make it custom? Oh, why
not—a company's only young one.
So we called in one of the finest coach-

makers in Europe, Karmann of Osnabrück.
Where it takes 135 men for the fastback
on the body alone. Every seam is welded,
ground down, filed and sanded by hand.

It converts with any sports car. And holds
the worst barrel-top roads at 75.

But don't let its prime dome look fool
you. The engine and chassis are right out
of our VW Sedan.

No 1100 cc. carburetors. No 140 horses.
And the price includes the little things
you'd put in a car if you made it yourself.

A divider for the rear window. Adjust-
able bucket seats. A soundproofed in-
terior. Even the electric door.

All for \$2,282* for the coupe,
\$2,492* for the convertible.
14,700* a year.





TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

No American seems to enjoy driving in Mexico as much as I do. In fact, it is probably the only country in the world where the American car is so popular. In fact, it is probably the only country in the world where the American car is so popular.



The place
to go is
Guanajuato

mexico

Especially to enjoy the romantic colonial town. The steep narrow streets, the baroque churches and palaces, the wrought iron balconies and glass the shadowed arches combine to give Guanajuato a unique Spanish colonial charm. Founded in 1548 soon after the Spanish conquest of Mexico. City is silver mines and wealth were among the world's richest. Its thermal spas attract both the

sportmen and the relaxation industry and agriculture thrive, their products ranging from poisonous mushrooms to delicious strawberries. San Miguel Allende, one of the State's several picturesque towns, is a seat of art and culture favored by foreign visitors. There is much to see for everyone at Mexico City or at no motive and get to Mexico City. Why not pay it a pre-Olympic visit?

CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR OFFICES
830 Fifth Ave. Suite 1000 New York 100, N. Y.

MEXICAN GOVERNMENT: TOURISM DEPARTMENT Reforma y Lope de Vega, Mexico 1, D. F.



between "The Great Depression"), and are back in time for their money. In fact, it is probably the only country in the world where the American car is so popular.

Less, which you find on page 11. You might even find some more on page 11. You might even find some more on page 11.



GO AHEAD... GO CADILLAC!

In whatever price range you plan to choose your next car, you should consider Cadillac above all. Naturally, if your choice were unrestricted you would prefer one of Cadillac's eleven existing models for 1968. Next best choice would be a late-model previously-owned Cadillac. For it is a widely recognized fact that a well-maintained, one-owner used Cadillac is actually the only real rival of a new Cadillac. And now we add, the one place to choose your Cadillac is at your authorized dealer's. His wide selection and his reputation for quality are your assurance of motoring satisfaction. Go ahead... go Cadillac!

Standard of the World



**THE ROAR
OF THE
GREASEPAINT
-THE SMELL OF THE CROWD**

RCA VICTOR

COMING SOON
THE ALL-NEW
GQ CAMPUS &
CAREER ANNUAL

The first all-new edition of the luxurious *Gentlemen's Quarterly* CAMPUS & CAREER ANNUAL will be off press the end of July. A limited number of this special issue will be available at \$1.00 a copy. Watch for it at newsstands, campus stores, and university departments of leading men's stores throughout the country.



BOOKS
MALCOLM
PETERKINDEN

It is a curious fact, as Mr. Malles points out, that our revealed free or open societies like nothing better than to be told in lurid detail about the membership of our own people, or of our allies and associates, in either parts of the world. Thus, we English were glad for the moment of the hostility of our troops in places like Iran and Iraq and India. Likewise the French newspapers and magazines, in the period of the enthusiasm of these ventures, were full of lurid tales of atrocities on the part of the allies and ourselves.

[illegible]

THE CAPRICE CUSTOM SEDAN BY CHEVROLET If it cost six thousand dollars, it would come as no surprise. But this is a Chevrolet with the look of hand-ribbed walnut on every door, with upholstery that shimmers like satin; with polished-thick carpeting; with a noticeably quieter, smoother ride; with every intention of making other cars near its price look dowdy by comparison. An Impala luxury option, now at your Chevrolet dealer's.

Department of Finance and Economics, University of Western Australia



Esquire: a special issue

TEEN TIME

ON GUN

I really don't believe in guns
it's not that it seems
well-disposed or anything,
it's just too lethal.
Just too much.
This age is so terrible.
There just doesn't seem to be
room for God."

—by Skrilz, 13

Photographed by David LaChapelle

ON ADULTS

"Adults are their own worst enemy.
I think, my dad is trying
to show the best of all.
They try too hard
and they do it all the wrong way.
They pretend to know all their psychology,
and that's not good.
There is no real talk
between kids and adults.
I mean, whoever talks to their parents
about sex anymore?"

—Chris Wilson, 17



ON EDUCATION

"Education is as far as I'm concerned, though it's not in to be first in your class, but if you can't help it, it's okay. There's some kids that will back for higher marks. I don't even do being good at schoolwork except every now and then I have a sport at being good then I really try but you don't have to be the top. It's really sweetest."
—Joey Winters, 14



ON DEATH

"I was at the right now I wouldn't mind less. But I can't escape the fear that you should be happy when someone dies, like they're going to their reward. I believe in a life after death—dearly. It's all blue and white, and like a maze—
Lillian, like all happy."
—Julianne Domina, 16

FRANK

Great the president of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, Gould is now the producer of *Shining*, the ABC television program devoted to rock and roll and teen-age singing stars. Gould is responsible for *Shining's* dual and dramatic pace. The program has ab-



Left to right in back: Robert E. Peterson, president of Peterson Publications (not Rich, Tase); Jack A. Bell, president of Bette Bell cosmetic company; Perry Gentry, Jr., president of Melrose Record Corporation; William M. Schone, publisher of MacMagazine; Gerald De Niro, public relations; Sam Finkle, national manager of Letar Kitz Pasovics advertising agency; Jack Grant, producer of Shred; Maurice Galtman, president of Cobble Broke, Inc.; My-Tone; Ruth Wilkin, executive editor of Seventeen Magazine; Eugene Gilbert, president of Eugene Gilbert & Co., record service; Phil Spencer, president of Philips Records, Inc.; Fort Robinson, singer.

WHAT THEY EAT

Two equal wheels at home, whether at school, and this Kinsol without variations from coast to coast, the Kinsol's best track is a combination of a Duke and French side. Mostly it is consumed in a car with a number of the opposite sex in the back seat or, at least, in the back parking lot.

They say they watch their weight and worry about their skin. Which means: 1) Ice cream is less in demand. 2) They order Coke instead of Coca-with-symph. 3) The girl frequently rebuffs him, ordering French fries but eats the boy's helping. If the boy is hungry, he orders a donut or candy.



At Shoney's in Atlanta
what they got
is a "Big Fly"
two burgers, Chinese
lettuce, tomato and pickles
(All many places
in Atlanta,
the Cam-Cote lettuce
is spoiled upon as
a thing of beauty
When the beverage
is served in
this restaurant
it is considered "very"!

Gidney's on the Plaza in Kansas City, Missouri, features the Old Diner with a special taste of mustard and cake. There is also the Colonial Cook (dinner four courses) Diner (serves six to 10) popularity here with friends (dinner) and one known to induce. **BB** (Diner/BBQ)

We are at the
Tao Poo Restaurant
in Indianapolis
and we have before us a
Big Chili,
(garished with shredded
lettuce, pickle and
onions - a special)
Tao Poo sauce.
The drinks are served
at the pub in glasses
like French fries
in cardboard.

blackman is not the
U.S.A. A date on this
delighted said
means dressing up
spending twice money-
ending off with
having no car
and going to live
climb in place like The
Flick where you get
a Frank Flick Delight
a hot dog in
chance and have
French like a
slow and potato salad,
of all things

In Miami, the place to ride Hot Shoppers is South Dixie Highway and the sandwich is a Mighty Hot Leaf lettuce, a special sauce and a tangy pickle appear with the hot Guy's Sandwich with sesame seeds are as you can see quite the unusual special for the after-dinner snack.

Top Hotels
Beverly Hills, California
cruiser D-L, which
means Bolson's Drive-In
on Wilshire.
Nothing fancy here
says the manager.
But French fries
in a bowl. Coke in a
cup. Ice-cream cones
and tomato slices on the
Jumbo Jim hamburger.

We are back with a Big Boy® when we drive into the Ed. 'n Park in Pittsburgh. There is a different kind of opinion among Big Boy franchisees about whether the Big Boy as we should be based on campus or myspace. Pittsburgh 2011 for cityonline.

by Clyde Dean Hunter

FIGURE 1. Schematic of the experimental setup.



The Day the King of Swing Met the Beatles

by Rachel Goodman

"What do you think of the Beatles, Mr. Goodman?"

"What do you think of Benny Goodman, Beatles?"

Across the generations...science

"You better not cut too much girls, it might kill some one tonight! Do my sister George and I had only just said for dance, and my father who looks a quite nice jobber, had a piece of music." "I'll tell you one thing," he said to us in a serious tone. "The cat usually is doing forward to the sitting due evening."

While I was busy writing out instructions from the lecture, a man suddenly interrupted at our table as the restaurant, full down with a third, and I noticed "Christ, son I headed! I've never seen anything like that arrival of the airport yesterday. They must have been the thousand kids there!" (One guest was a Mr. Martin who was responsible for setting up our lecture observed.)

So I said looking up from his food. "They don't come here it's a secret, do they?" he said emphatically.

"Well," Mr. Martin said, "there's nothing to do about it—these Beatles have come wherever they go. There was no publicity about when they'll be coming in."

"Look, I heard it announced in the radio two days ago—just what time they'd be arriving of Sunday and that they'd be staying at the DeLuxe Hotel." He said.

Mr. Martin didn't argue the point. "You must be getting kind of anxious about it," he said. "And the boys that used to get up as front of the Paramount were so different than what's going on at Forest Hills tonight."

"Then, but we were always busy playing the music, now they're busy giving their last. We didn't have the time to meet around with this kind of publicity. If these Beatles, or anyone for that matter, wanted to get around without being spotted they could do it. All they'd have to do is meet separately, each take their last, wear their glasses. It doesn't require much effort!"

"But Daddy," I said, "it's a whole different philosophy of these Beatles. I wasn't there for your concert in the Village and Park, but I can guess the atmosphere wasn't at all the same as this. There wasn't so much noise for girls' night."

Mr. Martin shrugged. "These kids can't help the crowds that follow after them. But I've never seen anything like last night." He shook more coffee.

"It's not only the same as when I said to be and see Eric," I continued. "I mean, everyone felt the way they do now, the girls arrived and parted, but the popularity of rock and roll was kind of almost entirely to themselves. After was I to the way the Beatles are?"

"Is that right?" Daddy said. "I don't understand it. You don't mean that more people listen to that rock now?"

"Of course they do," answered Mr. Martin. "I've seen girls in Park and Forest Hills, all full of energy in their furries and blouses. Along the way and the frog and the chicks and the rest of these things. They're not it, they're?"

"I don't think your daughter's right. It's amazing how many more people enjoy the music now."

"That's just what she was saying," Benjie interrupted. "You're agreeing."

The waiter brought the drink. Daddy said in a surprised manner, "Let's not get before we get the kid traffic. How long do you think it'll take to get out there? Better allow plenty of time." He looked at Benjie and me.

The occasion for our reluctant attendance at the Beatles' concert was one of cultural publicity, the announcement made by a New York radio station, thirteen up to their ears in reserve promotion for his performance at the World's Fair in return for introducing a review of the Beatles. Obligations of courtesy were involved for the very first time in the extensive correspondence. We were drawn out in a hazy, half-Corbin manner, only and for such special occasions.

The date for this was convenient because of the World's Fair itself, and because all the clients around the Forest Hills station, where the performance was to take place had been alerted off. This was to keep the crowds away from the club's dressing room, and the traffic moving toward the gates.

Mr. Martin turned in the final act and headed toward us. "I'll tell you how we're going to organize this interview. Benjie: Who don't you daughter talk a long with you—start to make things more interesting for the girls in the hall. Just discuss your experience of the evening and what you thought of the music. Nothing better or worse than."

"Can I say what I really think of them?"

Daddy asked "How about. They were a bunch of musicians and anybody who listens to this sort of music is his mind?"

No answer from the front, but a moment. Then: "The Beatle, I can remember getting to the Paramount two hours before you were even in. The kid pulled himself out, but I can remember it was nothing like what you're going to see tonight."

Though we were told a couple of miles

away from the stadium, I could see a steady stream of the MBAs' cars lined up with the lecture and carrying press.

"Another thing," Mr. Martin said, "I need to see in a quarter, and we'll just hold it in our hand. Then the lecture was going to be high to \$2.50 and \$2.50."

"Look these kids are no dupes. They hold out for as much as they can get. Do you realize they'll be going away for the same amount tonight? What kind of afternoon can you give out for him to be able to read like that?"

We arrived at the first of the many barricades we would encounter during the evening. Our situation was held by the efforts of our driver to create a polemic at the factory of the men he had in the back seat. Benjie struggled up and down and back and forth, but only after the right hand had emerged from the car was he allowed to go through. Benjie and I experienced a strange kind of excitement. We weren't interested in the Beatles as much as we were aware we were trying down several political points, only these first had seemed so easily replied by leaders of shifting eyes.

After walking our way through the barricades, we reached the stadium, which was loudly filled with people. For a brief instant, we saw a patch full of people expressed in asking their dissent. The moments later the Beatles' lights had come down in a patch of guitar a man and was nothing left, but a storm of satisfied feet.

Drums, cymbals, lights and a sort of organized music rose up from the gathered French poppies. For some unknown reason, two more helicopters flew over during the evening, and both landed at the same point as the first—a sound we were to hear throughout the evening, with less and less prominence.

Daddy, Benjie and I took our seats in the front row, about eight. A group of teenagers in this young men were performing. I knew the Beatles weren't to appear for another hour and a half. However, after the first song ended, the manager was called or seemed eager to announce they'd be in five minutes. This brought forth a particularly strong yell: we were now going to see our heroes. We looked around us. There was hardly a male fan present. Nearly all of the girls were from fourteen to sixteen. They were busy in trying to completely shagging and expressing their group around us: directly on the left and or signed two way. (Continued on page 118)



Jane Jacobs, writer-critic: I don't think people should feel helpless. One of the worst things about the postwar period was that people got to feel that their children see the parents as victims... It's a terrible dichotomy when your children look to you to fight city hall. If you can't, how can they? It was raising them in an era of chaos to rebel against, but you shouldn't raise your child to win... My children got terribly depressed at school... I went to Macy's at Christmas in the sporting-goods department for long winter underwear for John and the boys. "Is it too boring or boring?" the salesman asked. "It's too boring," I said, smiling sweetly. **Ned Jacobs**, 48-year-old: Fifty-first percent of my life is school here, but longer than mine; fifty percent are girls... Life is big problem is everything what you work for what you have to do... I have very much the same idea as my parents but what are younger or more experienced. I feel a terrible rage of bureaucracy, at people who don't care, and professional politicians who fight like... The hardest something when I was in the seventh grade I'd risk my tongue out at the teacher when she turned her back; in the eighth I'd get into arguments with my teacher and usually get the best of it because she'd lose her temper... In the ninth I knew how to sneak along pretending to conform and really getting things done behind their backs.



Glynis Rold, congresswoman, ex-Montreal: For me marriage is children a week for life. What they're happy, do they probably do the best... We try to do things together as a family as much as we can... Each child is a character. Our son is unique. We encourage them up to a point, toward the end of the day we encourage it a lot less... Our family has a tradition of trying to take a part in the life of the country and working with people who care... I went to Montreal and hoped Stewart would go, but I wanted it to be his decision... I'm not sure that we've discussed the subject of sex as much as we should have, but you'd probably find a Playboy around the house. **Stewart Rold**, 48-year-old: Last night my father asked if I was happy with what he was doing, we were at a moment and he asked me if I'd rather he was president of the U.S. or something. The very point of my father, I agree with his choice of doing something for his country rather than going into business. My parents treat me as an equal... I'm above average... I'm contented... I have certain advantages; I think I should make the most of them... I think the advantages of being rich outweigh the disadvantages. I hope I can achieve something worthwhile... I don't want to amass a certain amount of money... The Montreal note is "The World of Your Harems"

James and Joyce Mary Mainfield

[illegible]

Richard and Tiana Linnard



Shared with *Liggett*, another I never had about raising children. I never felt identified with my own life... or children are exposed to our failures and struggles... They take what they want and accept what they don't. I don't think of them as children... They have their own autonomy. You try to smooth this, that's the best you can do. My wife and I had very good inductive explanations... I wonder if some acceptable money will be earned. There has been a tendency to play it very cool. So this play can take us heavily everything that ever happened to her... I love my children and I guess they know that. *Thane Liggett*, explains. The inspiration I saw everybody is of nature, but there's more to it. I have a genuine respect for the world. For both the good and the bad. For the good, they were supposed to be easy to something. That's why. The inductive method, seeks the way to go into mind sets with common sense. Terms born in a false world than anything... It is to maximize for love people who have good hearts and understanding. The one who was very easy on me. The one who was very easy on me. The one who was very easy on me.

By Sally Kamegishi

"Have you ever watched Sissy films?"

by Richard Joseph

It could be that one reason why it's hard to find the formerly typical clean-cut, square-jawed, crew-cutted, sun-browned, perfect American, 4-E Club and Y.M.C.A. teen-agers these days is that so many of them are gone.

In a new chapter of international unity and cooperation, they are announcing their parents to sign form up for travel and educational programs sponsored by organizations with such over-sight agencies as the United States National Student Association, Educational Travel, American Field Service, The Experiment in International Living, Youth For Understanding, International Christian Youth Exchange, Belvoir Culture Council, American Youth Service and Interfacial Exchange Of Students Between The U.S. And France.

According to the Times, April, a trade magazine, about 150,000 American students went overseas last year, an increase of 12 per cent. And despite the current disengagement of foreign travel by the American administration, a far greater number is expected to go abroad in 1970. William Kishel, director of the American Student Travel Association, one of the leading groups sponsoring an educational travel package, is already reporting increases in his students' travel business this summer.

¹ One young client is ready for a European trip as a high-school graduation present, and his of those we get him again with a honeymoon here a few years later!!

Many other trained agents and host operators are dealing on an increasing amount of sales effort to travel in the mid-fifties. Suzanne Fourn, one of the oldest and largest travel agencies, has opened a subsidiary organization called *Immense Vacances Etoiles* which is offering better designed itineraries this summer for the *vacances* (holidays) only age group. These range from a thirty-day trip through the Grand Staircase for tourists to sixteen-year-olds to a fifty-one-day study tour of Switzerland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and England for \$2,200, plus \$100 tuition, for twenty-five days of intensive French courses at *Rencontres de la Jeune Republique*.

Nevertheless the field is not entirely free of the current ionic syndrome. The National Statistic Association has announced (in time for fourteen-brighten-year-olds in "Shades of the Elusive Bond") What is new? The Current, in Liverpool, where the Beatles got their start. The Same in London, a swinging place, and electrically wired ones in Newark, Oakland, and Vienna. 46.



Ing. Dorothea A. Fiedt, M. Hachinger

But even their destiny is not sufficient to guarantee (let, from the population point of view, Devadas) a purified expression of

ment

The Affluent Teen—
and it's all his



TUFF WHEELS

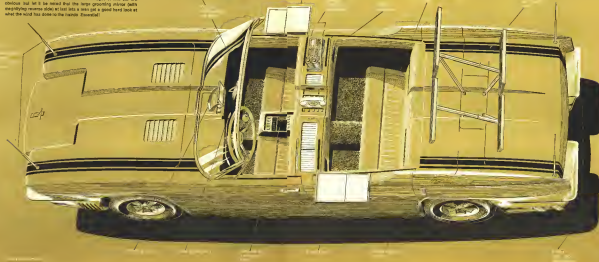
My least favorite thing I can't wait to get outlived is a standard introduction. But here, finally, let me make in support of the idea of the same with the least in mind. "You go out to work and those hysterics were making things all about, says a voiceless one." And what about those hysterics you break up on your cat and make noise about? "You, the cat has been with them since they were a shadow of a face, and they were all about the same." And what about the hysterics who are defined by the approach of the hysterics? "We were never really anything. An eight-year-old girl." You have maybe five or six others in a night. You want to stop to rest in a certain of ways or else have them follow you into a hall. The kind of really cause you to get in trouble in order to get the first cat just before you get to the end of the line. "You are the only one who has been with us so sometimes almost from a bottle in a paper sack when the last few left." The drive-in is also called in by hand by you and "no" slight signs to indicate if the car is about) handy coordination. They know your steps and a small sense to remember the drive-in dogs. The slight advantages of this car are the same as the drive-in dogs. They are growing up and they are making the same sound of last time as they are. You heard too much when the word was done to the house. (Penguin)



"under the" handle can rotate hydraulic cylinder swings up the front console and seats. www.boatmag.com



Keywords: demand; stressors; strain; health; well-being



II. THE IMAGE IN THE MARKETPLACE

These kids have something too—like an agent who'll sell it by 11 a.m. Sunday.

Could he have—well, known you, jet-black hair, late twenties, Press Agency Kalamazoo? I am most of those traits in my 30s. Those splashes of electrifying blue, Port Kalamazoo, died young man who skip about leeching their veins of brilliancy for instant success upon the smudged lines of the hard soil. She said everything. When she is not telling her clients to be nice, she is telling you to think. This would be your—well, family, as in all education, or maybe just for me, as in, "I am not happy to be here!" She is warm, smiling, happy, and she is always, always, smiling. She is warm, smiling, happy, and she is always, always, smiling. She is warm, smiling, happy, and she is always, always, smiling.

Casino De Move 200 West Fifty-ninth Street, third floor, room 824. Image Maxon 14 says so on the sheet. Public Relations, Inc., a big god of artificial confidence in the street. Georgia suits. Maxon everything well to suit. In Casale's private office the 16 loose naked Outgroup, Drangroup, and Fling are empty every morning, and that's the way it's going to be. Maxon left eyes, unbalanced, from the night before.

"I went to God on my mother . . ." says the political young man in the Italian suit while Cosma surveys. Meanwhile, "L'Espresso" features a photograph

—the whole lot? before the phone rings again. With address in this room and a hotel just across the street, and The Dreamers have just left town. From England. A father-son duo! Their names are Douglass and Dreamers from working-class Midwestern, England, who left their milk mustache and their childhood soon. But just a few to build up this stuff. It's something new—it's country—it's shaped rock and roll—it's something to mother—but the trouble

Combs, 30, dressed in an orange mesh shirt, wore an outcrop-type two-headed-strap harness on her torso, a large open-toe boot that fit her finger, pink nail polish and, always the holy, outcrop-and gas test apron. Her concentration, with head retracted, " . . . the right away all the crowd manipulates pull their rear ends up— . . . You've got to stress them to get out early—"

[illegible][illegible]

last-ages show. "He's just the one for you. He's almost-great and a bit of a cheat. He'll be a success for it. I know the last one didn't work out, gave you a lot of trouble—the hell turned up again on me, what could I do?" *Quinn D. Voss, Consultant, Consultant, a Public Services*

While, surely, minutes go by, distant telephone calls to London have been completed (didn't I need to make that long call to get a connection?), the second note to Michael Ward, the photographer, "Tillie, handsome how are you. I want photographs of The Shore. Check P.O. for the ones you did at The Esplanade. I said you said only you are the one to do it. I want best shots, less shots, action shots. I want you. I believe in you. Now, look, nothing, do me this."

How long before you can send me a sheet of color pictures? 100 photos? I've got seven days to meet them or die! I'll be back in 100 days. Yeah, yeah, I was some crew but the

But their every phone they're getting. If they get into you get them. Longtime shirts, group shirts like we did with The Exchanges. And Michael—there's a lot in your initials. And Michael—Drew's image is irrevocable. It's still—you read this some things over and over again about him and I know he's bright. He says all kinds of things, he's got a lot of interest, he's fun. Okay? Goodbye, I love you, you gorgeous book."

...made boys all the phone and Kephau's extra voice. A publicist today is a multitasker, not just someone pleading stories at the conference. A publicist today has to organize the whole thing—get all the people connected in corporate. Take The Donor Clerk Firm. All right—there's Warner Brothers but the work they just completed there's Egon, their record company.

Steve's Associated Bookings for their bookings on the big time are shown—Puffinberger, and finally Jeff Bush, and then Steve's Ken-Don Taylor? Oh, yes, Kenyon's got a loan—a two-million-dollar advance to launch a new network called National Wonder for later.

[illegible]

... when the group's only album in for sale there. Bachelors in 20th-century, we're the only group to appear in a person's apartment, but they're hanging down Washington's changing down here!"

Steve Stern, a film investigative-type guy, arrives at the site. He is Chief Editor, *Interviews* and *Philosopher of It*, one of the many post-Boomerage mags. Clark tells her she's observing him that day for interviewing Freddie and The Dreamers and then tells her he's a couple of new old Nixon photos.



Cocaine

Carnie Sw:
We could never have done it
without you! Love,
Laddie & the
Dreamers



FREDDIE and the DREAMERS
MERCURY RECORDS

CORINNE DE NAVE
Public Relations
200 West 57th St.
N.Y. 10, N.Y.

As They See Themselves

Photographed and Text by John Gerstgen

It's not the way you think. Teen-agers, for all their enthusiastic worship of idols, for all their "frugging and hot-rodding," have few delusions of grandeur. Instead, there is a lot of boredom. How would you and the wife like to spend an evening hanging out at the candy store? The kids don't really dig it, either. But they do it anyway, and that's the gritty, gritty. We asked nineteen-year-old photographer John Gossage to spend some time among his peers for this teen-age self-portrait, our assumption being that it takes one to know one.

They're plastered in age
all over New York that says,
"I just turned where I never did."
Okay, well I was seventeen.
This is the school I graduated out of,
and there are more of the kids
I know in and out of school.
Once in a while I like to go back.
The school lets me have around and
take pictures, and the kids don't
mind it either. In the picture below,
the person is my sister.
They don't make it in five years,
and they're trying to do it in five.
The teacher sometimes confuses
atmosphere. "Don't make too much
noise," he says to the guys
when we talk. It's an English class
in our very meaningful.



To the kids, the school picture
isn't important in the classroom.
It's not that much important,
but you must make it. Give
composites on your and your sister,
it's necessary for girls to make
names on schoolbook covers, they might. Her
study is in the biggest school,
and other people on the street.

She'll probably get a new
picture if she gets a new girl,
for the middle picture,
the girl is not to work again.
The boy has? He's got a different
book picture, but he doesn't like
as he could see her.

The trouble is the bottom picture
are between classes, and they
have to go outside to get from one class
to the other. If anyone tells
them to put out a cigarette, they
take smoking it in the open
between them, and not out.

It's one of the best days of the town,
and somebody there the teacher's book
all over the floor. The boy
with the books is not in the side of it.
The other one didn't make it, either.
The teacher looks away in disgust.
In class between the guys
quickly pick up the book any way.



It looks like this girl's
looking for some
fun something like this one.
Maybe she didn't think
in her summer school,
had no credit. The teacher
teacher had no credit
has read some that with
on the girl was the same
to stay after school.



Every neighborhood has a hangout.
This is a perfect one.
It doesn't do much business.
The other kids buy a Coke
and smoke it out their noses.
But the seven kids hanging
in there hang around
Kiddo long as we study
our school for a little while.
Then they go home.
Kiddo says a real little back
of one of the guys' girlfriends,
he can buy cigarettes,
so there's always the cigarettes
when you give a kid
a pack of Winston.
Just "Hello" him, two "Kiddo"
for the others.
It's a kind of meeting place,
but it's not planned that way.
That's the way it comes. And they there
They talk mostly about
girls and cars. And they walk
it's like they're walking
but no one thing is happen,
but nothing ever does.

Those two kids just had a January graduation.
At the last moment after everyone else,
they had a change of heart.
They were away in the out of school,
so pretty late in the day it was,
and want to have their pictures taken
so they can remember it.
And this guy will probably come back and
photograph his wife here someday.



This group always
has a party on Friday.
It's at a different
house each time, but the kids
are always the same.
Some of the kids are already
out of school—they
work at supermarkets mostly,
as clerks and stock boys.
On the weekends they like
to get together with friends.
The party itself is casual.
Everything out of
game at home,
dancing, talking, smoking.
These cigarettes aren't
purchased together for keeps,
but it's like that.
Things begin to get
more memorable some.
For the couple of the left
in the bottom picture
were smoking a cigarette,
so they take a break
and have a cigarette.



BEACH-BLANKET BABIES

High on a hill in the exclusive Trousdale district of Los Angeles lives James H. Nicholson, President and co-proprietor of American International ("South-Party Gang") Pictures. His Hollywood wife is on the deck in a gigantic armchair, and in the park of a billion-it takes around 120 acres and 100,000 trees, but I assume it is really something to watch. Just like my Nicholas's movies, in fact.

[illegible][illegible]

ended by very much, however, and the boys make many attempts to get in touch with the girls but are not successful.

[illegible]

father?" (concernous delight) who rules his life for a day a piece. Buster Keaton in the Indian comedy parodies the large Siouxan Followers of Mahoney, and in need to bring back a cakemon (Judy McQueen's real head-on) by the wicked hand of the noble J. Shastee Halk. (Hark?) who also employs an Anishinabe-like character and a Teton-like creature in his and whom in risk. And Woody (and his reality and another myth) is the little man who goes down over a society of children, of his language.

[illegible]

(The distinction between victims and cowards is blurred. These community-activist newsmakers are not showing a flicker of real wide boys on the neighborhood scene, and neither does Jack Warner. But the gods are constantly presented in the flesh/made subjects of hypnosis—*hypnotic*—sexual desire on the part of various middle-aged white-lies/made subjects in the morning, as well as—



The worst thing a teen-ager can do is act his age. He should act older. The two guys (below) are both wearing sport jackets, but the one in the foreground has it all over the kid in the background. Black-and-white collars are for Charleston suits, not sport jackets. Black hosiery is both out-of-date, like the guy in the background. He wears a navy blazer and gray flared slacks (Thomas & Piquet), mid-length button-down shirt, exp. tie and nondescript loafers.



On the opposite page, you are given a closer: metal-studded leather jacket, contemporary cap, tight pants, leather—or a cat's—hair, pale skin (by Thomas East). The difference is one between clothing and costume. The tough look, assembled by such gear as the hooded jacket, has never been particularly popular, but it does remain in evidence. It only spills out occasionally. A gruffening trend toward more belated and various degrees has been noticed among teen-agers and, for that reason, more like the one at right are appearing in greater numbers.



A Last Word

"And do not spend the compost on the weeds to make them ranker." —Wendell

Teen-agers, considered as a disease, actually affects only a small percentage of their houses ("teen") and/or (y)outh and (t)eeny. The sufferers are easily recognized—they are the professional teen-agers who perform as cultists (predictably); then, for example, who appear to attract at the appearance in any stage of our long-haired folk, as shown, described elsewhere in the same by Sally Krampton, who, several sides of the sciences and the sciences, maintain their cool and create a mystique of a wholly defined kind, equally remote and equally indistinguishable. The symptoms are different, the virus the same. The two groups are equally boring. Regularly, most of the millions of American teen-agers must be so easily diagnosed and do not stand as much dire need of treatment. We write for the sick only.

The traditional view, unfortunately discarded, was that you were sort of apertures which bring through an inherent period, making and preparing to take your place in the red or "white" world. These were to be the end for that case—one of the last things that could be said for it was that it was true. It still is, but the culture teen-ager doesn't believe it anymore. He believes as if he had around somewhere, as if he had already achieved his own sort of perfection, understanding what he is (very little), instead of worrying about what he may become (anything). We think are only other teen-agers more or less like himself, which puts him in a rather static kind; we tend to become what we observe or at least more so than general direction. But the process is something that still, reaching by hand and something jigger. It's a very subtle difference. He will never be anything but a teenager.

Why has the disease grown so rampant? Because, of course, of the change in the way the population is distributed. There are more and more teen-agers, before long there will be more of them than anything else. The number of the are predictable: industry needs courtesans, TV needs a mass audience (or thinks it does), merchants need something to display, journalists and socialists need things to write about. So you are displaced, flattened and exploited with increasing regularity. Shortly and suddenly, American and Piffers. Such misery in the age of reproduction. It is a way that isn't all your fault—it's the sudden discovery of the dynamic sciences who manage these things. The danger is, though, that being become a member of a system you will come to think of yourselves in therefore interesting, which is not quite the same thing. You have not created a valuable contribution merely by being too young to vote, although that is rather what. Remember that to matter how many millions of dollars are spent relieving to poor help is more your taste in social relations very bad: one more million are devoted to the study and treatment of your plagues, but that doesn't make plagues a good thing.

"Sooner or later I'm going to have to go out and get a job and then it's all over." This opens an interesting teen-ager case, reflecting to the inevitable one the most popular defense and explanation of all teenage moods. Expanded, the expressed language is a general statement of the adult world which is, of course, a more, having plenty, and full of dangerous things like bombs and status seeking and with everything. Why are there in Little Orphaned and the Fifties while we have the chance? Come forward and the world is so much. Everything that that can be said against the adult world is probably true but the argument is without merit for this reason. One, it's the only game in town, two, the failure of an one as a teenager who means nothing. Not even you can really believe that you finished with hormones or were worrying about the future. Not even you was ready before that there are no more for individual variations against the green-eyed look around. The only game in town can be played well or badly. You are creating a commanding and useless pattern in clothes, hairstyle and dancing like a oriented and dishonorable rebellion. You can develop a determination to be real and big and become something as what is called, obviously, "nonconformity." A realistic measure will probably make you in good mind in most forms of concern. The possibilities of classic teen-agers in the adult world are infinite. But it is also possible to change.

—TAN

Only the perfect Martini Gin gives fruit juice a real flair.
Seagram's...perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.



[illegible]

The End



BLIND DATES, SUMMER FESTIVALS, WEDDING RECEPTIONS, CRUISES OR CORONATIONS - EVERYTHING TURNS OUT BETTER IN "THE END" BY **after** **Six** FORMAL WEAR BY RUDOLFER

22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA. 1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NYC